

reprisal

102.

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OPEN.

BZZ.

An obnoxious jailhouse BUZZER. Loud, abrasive, bringing us to --

INT. DETROIT CITY JAIL - A HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- and we're behind a *YOUNG MAN* waiting for the buzzer to end. Two GUARDS barely visible on the edge of frame, escorting this jailbird punk through a security door.

EXT. DETROIT CITY JAIL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

And when Detroit City Jail's DOORS OPEN, our *YOUNG MAN* exits, revealing him to be **ETHAN**. Here in MICHIGAN.

Ahead, Ethan spots **A STATION WAGON**. Running idle in the cold. And he stops when he sees, standing beside it: DORIS.

DORIS
Hi, pumpkin.

ETHAN
You paid my bail?

DORIS
Why don't you hop in? It's chilly.

Ethan hesitates. On the brink of tears. A vulnerability in his eyes. All that's been building up inside now coming to a head.

ETHAN
I fucked up. Bad.

DORIS
I wish you wouldn't curse.

Ethan looks to her a beat -- as Doris of a response as any. And an *unexpected CHUCKLE* forces its way out of him --

-- a strange catharsis as his chuckle wanes. She looks to him.

DORIS (CONT'D)
Ethan. Sweetheart. There's something I'd like to discuss with you.

As Ethan notices a **MAN'S FRAME** in the driver's seat --

INT. WITT'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - LATER - NIGHT

-- and that man's frame is *WITT'S*. Driving at the wheel. Doris and Ethan in back. Quiet a few beats.

DORIS

There were a lot of witnesses.

(beat)

You'd get life with or without a guilty plea.

ETHAN

I could run.

DORIS

You'd get caught. Eventually.

(beat)

However. With these men? The law wouldn't find you.

ETHAN

But, you want me to *spy* on them?

DORIS

However many *details* of their operations you can scrounge up, sure.

ETHAN

For how long?

Doris pauses, maintaining her smile as she looks to him.

DORIS

Do you remember when you interviewed? At the restaurant --

ETHAN

-- ***how long, Doris.***

A beat -- before she places a hand on his knee. And while he tries not to let on, we can see it: *this softens him a little.*

DORIS

These men? They're very hurtful men. Very dangerous. And you and I can make it so they never hurt again. It could be our good deed for the world. *Together.*

(beat)

But. Progress takes time. So, for now -- as long as it takes.

And Doris looks him over, his frame taut, nervous -- so, she pulls something from her wrist, hands it to him --

DORIS (CONT'D)

Here --

-- he takes it, REVEALING: a simple **BRACELET**, comprised of a thin strip of leather, TWO PEWTER CHARMS dangling from it:

Nondescript, fading pieces of metal. Their shapes just barely outlining that of **A FLINTLOCK PISTOL** and **A HOUND**.

DORIS (CONT'D)

For whenever you think you may be too deep in the woods.

Ethan looks it over, wholly unimpressed as she leans closer --

DORIS (CONT'D)

You're a good egg, Ethan. And when this is all over -- we'll find a way to fix your situation. I promise.

He looks out the window. All of this coming at him too fast.

ETHAN

I didn't mean for him to die.

DORIS

Of course you didn't, sweetheart. But, we never can predict what lessons may come in life, can we?

As Ethan looks back to the bracelet -- and we MATCH CUT TO:

INT. A BATHROOM - NO WINDOWS, THEREFORE TIME UNCERTAIN

THAT SAME BRACELET. Now hanging from someone's wrist.

REVEAL: Ethan. Right where we left him in 101 -- *on the bathroom floor*, FLIP PHONE to his ear, its voicemail:

DORIS (O.S.)

So. I'll keep you posted, pumpkin.

(beat)

In the meantime, you just try to keep your head up. And your eyes open.

Ethan flips the phone closed, stays put this time instead of clearing frame -- and as we push in on the bracelet --

-- here comes our fun, juxtaposing theme song -- **TO ROLL US RIGHT INTO OUR OPENING CREDITS.**

end open.

ONE.**INT. A CHEAP LITTLE OFFICE - ZERO WINDOWS, TIME UNCERTAIN**

And at first, it's dark. Until a CHEAP DESK LAMP ignites, revealing a messy manager's office. Uneven stacks of paper. Rusting file cabinets. The works.

And here's Joel. Taking a seat at the desk. Weary and pensive after such a busy day. He looks to the PHONE --

-- considers it a few beats. Hesitant. Because it's the reason he's here and the reason he doesn't fucking want to be.

That's when he *picks it up*. And DIALS. Waiting. And waiting.

A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah.

A beat. Because hearing that voice gives Joel more pause than he would have ever anticipated.

JOEL

It's me.

THE MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Old man. It's good to hear your voice.

JOEL

Yours, too.

A few beats as the man breathes. Laborious, but healthy.

THE MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You don't sound well.

Joel considers that, nods to himself.

JOEL

Think you're gonna have to get back here. Soon. Now.

THE MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Why's that?

JOEL

Phoenixes picked a fight with the Ghouls. And Bash might'a made it worse.

And the man on the other end of the phone *GRUMBLES*. As if contemplating, considering his options, dragging it out.

THE MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mmkay, Old Man. Alright. You alright?

Another beat. Because this conversation is everything Joel has been working all these years to avoid.

JOEL
 It ain't good, Burt.

Fucking BURT. On the other end of the phone. *Here*. Finally.

BURT (O.S.)
It'll be fine.

And Burt hangs up. Joel replaces the receiver, looks beyond us at what is undoubtedly a rumpled office void. And we come to:

EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A SPRINKLER, cartoonishly rat-a-tat-tatting in a yard somewhere. The soothing sounds of all that is suburbia.

EXT. DUNN RESIDENCE - DAY

And here's Doris. *Today*. Sitting on her porch, posture impressive, patient. *The kind of patience that requires effort.*

She checks her watch -- *and notices something*: A dab of BLOOD on the edge of her palm. She rotates her hand, her wrist --

-- *TO FIND AN ENTIRE SPLATTER OF DRIED BLOOD CAKING RIGHT UP TO HER ELBOW*. And that's right as:

SQUEALING TIRES. Distant at first, but getting closer. *And closer*. Until they're so goddamned close, we can hear the overworked engine to boot -- when: **SKKRRRTT**.

WITT'S STATION WAGON slams to an abrupt halt at the curb. Doris promptly stands, calm, *lifting two suitcases* --

-- and Witt darts out of the station wagon, all sorts of anxiety fueling his gait, moving for Doris at a clip --

-- he takes her bags, tosses them in back as Doris gets in the passenger seat. Witt frantically drops back into the driver's --

-- and right as we can just barely hear him from the porch --

WITT
 -- *f'christ's sake* --

-- his door SLAMS SHUT. And the Station Wagon gets out of there.

INT. WITT'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Doris and Witt. Driving in silence a few beats. Nothing but the wagon's weak engine whining under the pressure.

WITT

This wasn't part of the plan.

DORIS

Thomas was unexpected, I kn-- -- not Thomas. **COLIN.**

WITT (CONT'D)

On Doris -- Witt's irritation understandable.

WITT (CONT'D)

You coulda warned me.

DORIS

You were gone.

WITT

I woulda been here.

DORIS

But you weren't.

Witt takes a beat to settle into that reality. Swallowing any and all shortcomings her words may be triggering.

DORIS (CONT'D)

With Thomas gone, Big Graham won't waste any time. Not with me. And certainly not with Molly.

WITT

With *Molly*?

Doris looks to him as if he should have figured all along --

INT. THE OTHER DUNN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - MEANWHILE

-- because here's Molly. Tight in our frame. An expression of despair as she struggles to find her words --

MOLLY

He, uh. They had an appointment.

-- and we slowly start to pull back --

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Your husband and Mr. Graham?

MOLLY

Colin and Bartholomew. Yes.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Do you know what this appointment
was regarding?

MOLLY
No. They had plenty of -- *business* to
deal with. It was nothing unusual.

-- and we're back further now, revealing **POLICE** in the B.G.
Snooping around the house, the place now a crime scene.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Did you answer the door when Mr.
Graham arrived?

MOLLY
Yes.

And we come around to find that this Detective is **DETECTIVE
MORT FOWLER**. 50s, with a razor's glint in his eye.

FOWLER
And you were upstairs when you
heard the gunshots?

Mort's the kind of man that probably *should* have a scar or
two on his face -- and yet here he sits, baby-fuckin-smooth.

MOLLY
He was here *maybe* five minutes. They
started shouting -- then I heard the
first shot. The second, not long
after. I got frightened, so I -- I
hid in the bathroom. Thought maybe he
was gonna -- *come for me*.

-- and holy shit, look at Molly's eyes. Her entire demeanor
just a hell of a performance she's pulling off here.

FOWLER
Mrs. Dunn. I'd like you to think very
carefully about this next question:
(beat)
Are you **positive** it was
Bartholomew Graham? At the door.

Molly, struggling here. Her last chance to forgo this plan --

MOLLY
Positive.

-- as we put it together: *this is what Doris meant by "as
we discussed" in 101*. And with that realization --

INT. THE OTHER DUNN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

-- we find Molly at the window. Watching as the police, the ambulance -- all drive away. She waits a few beats before --

-- she moves to a closet beneath the stairs -- *and pulls out two suitcases of her own.*

EXT. A FEW STREETS OVER - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

And here's Witt's Station Wagon. Waiting. As Molly approaches, gets in back -- *and the Station Wagon takes off.*

INT. WITT'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

The three of them sit in silence, once again, until:

MOLLY

You really think this is a good idea?
Leaving on such short notice?

Molly, antsy. Uncertain. And Doris takes note --

DORIS

Don't worry, dear. They'll have
him in custody soon. You'll be
able to return before you know it.

-- as Doris pulls out her phone, dials, brings it to her ear as it **RINGS** -- and we use that as a transition to:

EXT. BURT'S BANG-A-RANG - BRANCH 707 - DUSK

We're behind ETHAN, waiting at the window of a rusted little FOOD TRUCK parked alongside the wall.

And ever-so-faintly, we hear: **vrmmmmmmmm. vrmmmmmmmm**. His phone vibrating in his pocket. He pulls it, looks to it:

The caller ID: **CHEF** (that's Doris). And we ANGLE ON Ethan a beat, almost as if he were considering answering -- until --

FOOD TRUCK KARL (O.S.)

Four ham pies. One runny.

-- and he looks to find **FOOD TRUCK KARL**. 60s. An oily slop cook extending a GREASY WHITE PAPER BAG to Ethan.

A beat -- and Ethan pockets his phone, grabs the bag, and we --

EXT. BURT'S BANG-A-RANG - BRANCH 707 - MOMENTS LATER

-- head elsewhere. To find our drawbridge -- *folding down once again*, opening for a new night at the Bang-A-Rang --

-- which is evident in another long line of cars, snaking their way through, guided into parking spots by a couple of **VINTAGE USHERS**, wardrobes plucked straight from the 1920s.

MATTY (O.S.)

I'm sayin'. It's bullshit.

We find Matty, sitting on top of a busted picnic table, smoking. Johnson on his one side, Bru on the other. The three of them watch as a new night begins at the Bang-A-Rang --

-- as Ethan arrives in the middle of the conversation, pulls out a wrapped HAM PIE, hands the bag to Matty.

MATTY (CONT'D)

There was a time Phoenixes used to be muscle. That's all I was tryin' to show him.

BRU

And that was long before *your* time, so I don't know what the fuck there was for you to show.

Matty stops, fiercely flicks his cigarette, frustrated as he digs into the bag, passes one to Bru, one to Johnson --

MATTY

(to Johnson)

Runny. You shameless slob.

-- as Bru unwraps his Ham Pie, revealing a vague cross between a sandwich and a pasty.

BRU

(chewing, disgusting)

What you boys do gets repetitive. That much road'll burn anyone out.

(beat)

But you weren't around to see it get bloody the way it used to.

Matty tries to chew his frustration away, Ethan clocking him.

BRU (CONT'D)

Things ain't been this kinda good in all my time as a Brawler. S'why we ALL wanna keep it that way.

(beat)

(MORE)

BRU (CONT'D)

And if someone's gonna fuck that
up, it best not be any of you.

And we ANGLE ON Ethan here. Mouthful of Ham Pie as he
processes Bru's words -- masking the turn in his stomach.

And that's right when someone WHISTLES FROM O.S.

The four of them look to spot AVRON. Passing by, swilling a
beer -- *and blowing them all a condescending little kiss --*

-- and we ANGLE ON Matty. Watching Avron. No one more miffed.

MATTY

All he cares about is the shirt. How
the fuck couldn't you guys see that.

Bru, somehow done with his Ham Pie in maybe three bites
(*maybe*), crumples his wrapper, takes a look at Matty here.

BRU

Nepotism, pal. All I can tell ya
is if you ever wanna move up? Any
of you? *Then start with not
pissin' Joel off.* Fuck knows, with
Burt clear off the map, he's got
enough on his plate.

Bru stands, gives Matty a firm smack on the back of his
head, Matty unaffected by it. *Clearly their thing --*

-- and Bru leaves, Matty looking to Ethan, ham pie in
disarray, Ethan's face turned upside down in revolt.

ETHAN

This thing's disgusting.

And Matty nods. *That's the point.* So, he takes another bite.

EXT. BURT'S BANG-A-RANG - BRANCH 707 - CONTINUOUS

We catch back up with Bru, following him -- until he passes a
PARKED BUICK -- as we abandon Bru to *MOVE FOR THE BUICK* --

-- where we find a MAN looking in his rearview mirror,
taking deep breaths of anticipation -- *psyching himself up.*

MAN

-- *okay. Okay* --

-- and the man *HITS HIMSELF IN THE MOUTH WITH A BOTTLE.*

He absorbs the pain, checks his mouth in the mirror, dabbing at the blood with a handkerchief. Then he gets out --

-- this is **PETER THE PATRON**. 40s. And in another life, he may have been a vacuum salesman in a cheap wool suit --

-- his swagger clumsy as he moves for the ENTRANCE -- where a line of patrons cower before **CHET THE DOORMAN**.

PETER

Hey'a, Chet.

And there's no wait for Peter. Chet just nods, collects Peter's **GOLDEN TICKET** -- and lets Peter right on in --

INT. BURT'S BANG-A-RANG - GRAND BARROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- allowing us to follow Peter into the GRAND BARROOM, where we've been before, but here with some new tricks to see:

A PUNK ROCK QUARTET in the corner. GUITAR. BASS. DRUMS. Even a lowly TROMBONE -- jamming out an original number somewhere between BLACK FLAG and LAWRENCE WELK --

-- as Peter moves for THE STAGE, where: *A FORMATION OF PINUP BYRDS PERFORM A DANCE ROUTINE IN UNISON WITH THE QUARTET* --

-- high kicks. Jazzy sashays. And within the formation of Pinups, we find *MEREDITH*. Booping and bopping to the melody, proving to be a stunning performer right alongside her peers --

-- which she only betrays the facade of for one brief moment -- *when she recognizes someone in the crowd* --

-- PETER. Standing among the enthusiastic chaos, their eyes connecting, *expected* -- as Peter raises a glass to Meredith.

And as she slips right back into her role -- we head:

EXT. BURT'S BANG-A-RANG - OUT BACK - LATER - NIGHT

The entertainment of the Bang-A-Rang thrumming from inside as we find ourselves in a pocket of shadows.

Peter. Meredith. And **BEA**. 20s. Meredith's fellow Pinup and best friend. A dimmer light bulb than most, but a princess at heart.

PETER

Your guy don't like me.

(points to his mouth)

Hit me in the mouth for no damn good reason.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
Said somethin' 'bout how he didn't
like my face or somethin' 'bout that.

Peter. He'd be gyrating his shoulders like a cartoon
cheapskate if his posture wasn't so slumped and rigid.

BEA
Awww, Amoureux --

And Bea isn't french, she just knows the right words because
Pinup, placing her finger to Peter's swollen lip.

BEA (CONT'D)
-- I'll kiss and make it better
later. Promise.

Peter nods, the butterflies in his stomach going berserk at
Bea's gesture -- and he hands over THREE MASSIVE ZIPLOC BAGS.

Each one containing much *tinier* bags -- *with the WITCH
KITTEEN printed on them.* Because this is a haul of SCRATCH.

AND PETER IS THEIR SUPPLIER. However. Meredith looks to the
Ziplocs -- *and is very displeased.*

MEREDITH
This it?

PETER
It's all they gave me.

MEREDITH
We'd be lucky if this lasted us *tonight.*

Peter. Doesn't know what to do here. *It's what "they" gave him.*

PETER
They said -- they said the price
went up. Dunno.

This poor bastard suddenly losing all of that faux swagger.
As Meredith simply looks to the scratch in her hands --

-- frustrated. *Because this sets them back.* But what can she do?

MEREDITH
Fine. Whatever. Pay him.

Bea pulls a wad of cash from her bosom, exactly where we'd
expect a Pinup to keep it. She offers it to Peter.

PETER
Ohh no that's okay you don't gotta--

BEA
-- no? Gee, thanks,
Amoureux. Find me later,
kay?

And Bea plants a kiss on Peter's cheek, leaves with Meredith.

INT. A RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Bang-A-Rang a little louder in here. Graffiti splayed from corner to corner, unclear if it's the womens or mens.

Meredith and Bea divvy up the Scratch, stuffing tiny bags into fanny packs, boots, underwear lining -- anywhere they can.

MEREDITH
You know the drill.

BEA
Cool and covert.

MEREDITH
Cool and covert.

And Meredith gives Bea a lingering kiss on the cheek -- as romantic as a cheek-kiss could possibly be.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Almost there, Bea.

And with that, she hides the final ziploc bag in the toilet's tank -- and we follow them both out -- to:

INT. BURT'S BANG-A-RANG - BRANCH 707 - MOMENTS LATER

The grand barroom. The two of them gliding as if they were on roller skates. They separate ever-so-gracefully, disappearing into the boisterous crowd --

-- and this kicks off a brief **MONTAGE**, showing us:

Meredith and Bea discreetly approaching different patrons. Cozying up in a booth. Charming them at the bar.

And it all works. Which is to say that business is fucking booming for these two, this thing called Scratch a real hit.

Until *MEREDITH. STOPS* when she spots *SOMEONE O.S.* Smiles to herself -- and approaches *ETHAN*. Looks to him a beat --

MEREDITH
Minnesota, right?

-- Ethan looks back to her, his eyes now glassy.

ETHAN
Michigan.

Meredith curls up against the bar like a question mark, her cunning little smile toying with him.

MEREDITH
Michigan. Right. Where're your friends?

Right as three beers, three shots are placed before him, Ethan gesturing to the drinks.

ETHAN
Waiting for these.

MEREDITH
Must be tough being the new guy.

And that's when Meredith reveals -- clenched between two fingers, on the edge of the bar -- *A BAG OF SCRATCH.*

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Maybe you could use a break.

ETHAN
Not sure I'm wired for that kinda stuff.

MEREDITH
And I'm not sure I know what that means.

ETHAN
Just means -- *thanks* --

MEREDITH
-- but, no thanks?

Ethan smiles. Nods.

ETHAN
No thanks.

Meredith nods. Practically clicks her heels as --

MEREDITH
Mmkay. Next time then.

-- and she continues on her way, leaving us with Ethan to watch this wholesome siren of the Bang-A-Rang leave.

INT. A RED ROOM - MEANWHILE

CLOSE: A TURNTABLE. Its needle drops. A record spins. "**LADY GODIVA'S OPERATION**" - VELVET UNDERGROUND, starts to play.

And here's PETER. Sitting on a plush red couch, the walls adorned with garish red velvet drapes.

PETER
I feel bad. Honest.

Reveal Bea, approaching Peter from across the room --

BEA
Don't. Meredith ain't never satisfied.

-- Bea straddles Peter, undoes his belt, avoiding eye contact with the man -- who's now just a bundle of frantic nerves.

BEA (CONT'D)
Tell me a story.

And with that, Bea positions herself on top of him --

PETER
I, uh -- I don't have any.

-- and she eases herself down, Peter freezing a beat, trying to make eye contact, but Bea still averts.

Let's be clear: *Peter is inside of Bea right now because sex.*

BEA
Is it there?

PETER
Yeah, that's -- yeah.

BEA
'kay. Tell me about your day then.

And she starts into a rhythm, slowly moving up and down, paralyzing Peter more and more with each grind of her hips.

PETER
I -- I had to. Go grocery shopping.

BEA
Mm-hm. What'd you buy?

PETER
HUP.

And Peter's frame slumps. Bea slows to a stop. Sits in his lap a beat, Peter staring at the floor --

BEA

You okay?

-- Peter nods. Because he's *climaxed*. So, Bea climbs off, clears frame as we stay with him, exasperated.

BEA (CONT'D)

Thanks again, Peter.

He nods. The wind knocked out of him. Bea leaves, heading into:

INT. THE GRAND BARROOM - CONTINUOUS

Right as *THE MUSIC HAS STOPPED*. A crowd gathered around some sort of commotion -- and Bea stops at this, taken aback.

We move for the commotion, making our way through a circle of onlookers -- to find: BOYLE. Meredith's number one customer from 101. And here -- *he's on the floor*.

Twitching, spasming, mouth foaming -- an all out *OVERDOSE*.

Some people try to help, but Boyle's spasms are too violent. No one can get a grip on him --

-- and then, in one final spasm, *HIS ENTIRE BODY GOES LIFELESS*. Fucking dead. Sprawled about on the floor.

Everyone quiet a beat. And here comes JOEL and BRU, making their way through to the scene, where they stop, confused.

And Joel kneels down to Boyle, a theory already in place as *he digs in Boyle's pockets* --

-- and PULLS OUT A TINY BAG, *THE KITTEN WITH THE WITCH HAT PRINTED ON IT*. As we might have guessed.

And from there, Joel scans the room. Until he lands on --

-- MEREDITH, locking eyes with Joel -- and it's plain as day:

This is serious fucking trouble. And with that, we --

end one.

TWO.**EXT. DONUTS 'N' DUVETS - SOMEWHERE IN INDIANA - DAY**

It's raining. Just a tiny drizzle, but it sets our mood.

And here's a place that could only ever exist in our world. A zero-star motel just off the interstate, middle of nowhere --
-- its front office doubling as a shitty little **DONUT SHOPPE**. Cheap and sweet. Old and stale. Anything you'd like.

INT. WITT'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

We find Doris and Molly. Watching through the rain-streaked windshield as Witt pays a **CLERK** inside.

He comes jogging back out to the station wagon, gets in, starts to maneuver through the parking lot.

DORIS

How'd the donuts look?

WITT

Edible.

INT. ROOM 111 - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The door swings open. And here's a quaint midwestern motel room. Two double beds. Its last renovation easily 30+ years ago.

Doris and Molly move inside, surveying the place as they set their luggage down, Witt lingering in the doorway.

WITT

He said there's no cable, but.
It's four walls and a room.

Molly takes a seat in the swindle chair at the desk. Spins herself like a child, her expression neutral.

WITT (CONT'D)

I should go. Been awhile since I
checked in. Don't want anyone
asking questions.

Checked in. And we'll stay tuned for an explanation of what exactly that pertains to, but for now, Doris turns to him:

DORIS
Do you have time for a coffee
before you leave?

And Witt. Wants to say no. But, it's Doris -- *he can't*. So:

INT. THE DONUT SHOPPE - LATER - DAY

Two donuts. Two coffees. Neatly placed. And here sits Doris and Witt. The only two in this front-office-but-also-donut-shoppe.

DORIS
I'd like us to get on the same
page about our timeline.

But Witt's lost out the window, Doris watching him a beat, aimlessly running a finger around the rim of his mug.

WITT
I need you to start listening to me.
(beat)
You gotta quit.

DORIS
We've discussed this --

WITT
-- and in a matter of days, you've
managed to take it from unlikely
to *impossible*.

DORIS
I don't see what the issue is.

WITT
Don't see what-- **KILLING COLIN**. Is
the fucking **issue** --

DORIS	WITT (CONT'D)
Once they take Big Graham into custody --	-- <i>do you actually know who Big Graham is?</i>

She stops.

WITT (CONT'D)
DO YOU? Did you ever bother to
really, **REALLY** ask Thomas?

And we can see it in her -- she's got her plans, but Witt also has a point. *She didn't*.

WITT (CONT'D)

He *won't* be taken into custody.
The entire fucking city is *his*.

(beat)

Which means your inheritance is gone. Plain and simple. You don't have access to Thomas' bank accounts and what little you have in your own won't last you *six weeks*.

(beat)

You can forget about a crew. And you can't do it alone. So.

Doris considers that, silently stumbles.

WITT (CONT'D)

I meant what I said. About running away.

She stares at him. Many beats. Doesn't want to have to say it again. And Witt reads that. *Knows*. So, he nods into his coffee.

WITT (CONT'D)

Best of luck then, Doris.

And he gets out of there, Doris watching him leave.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

FWWWWOOOOOSSSHHHH. Betty and Lug zoom into frame and up the stretch of highway, rocketing into the vastness of country.

ETHAN (PRE-LAP)

What'd you mean last night?

INT. BETTY THE BROUGHAM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Here's Ethan at the wheel this time. Johnson in back. Matty riding shotgun, smoking. *The Phoenixes on the road again*.

ETHAN

What you said about the Phoenixes back in the day?

Matty takes a long draw from his cigarette, as if trying to remember anything at all.

MATTY

Phoenixes were collectors, man. They'd still run shit between Bang-A-Rangs like we do, but they'd also bust people up that owed the Brawlers money.

(MORE)

MATTY (CONT'D)
 Bleed 'em dry 'til they
 surrendered and gave up their
 turf. Or whatever they owed.
 (beat)
 Point is -- they **proved** themselves.
 Instead of just -- *servicing*, they actually
meant something to the Brawlers.

Matty pauses here, trapped in the wrong time period. Envious.

MATTY (CONT'D)
 Now? *Shit*. Not even sure *The Brawlers*
 mean something to The Brawlers--

And right then -- **WOOP! WOOP-WOOP!**

MATTY (CONT'D)
 Th'fuc--

A POLICE CAR through the rear window, lights on -- *pulling*
them over. Confusion crosses Matty. *Because this is abnormal*.

Ethan pulls the car over. Kills the engine -- as he looks up,
 regards TWO SHOTGUNS STRAPPED TO THE CEILING.

ETHAN
 What do we do about those?

MATTY
 We shut up about 'em.

Right as an **OFFICER** arrives, peering in as Ethan rolls down his
 window, looking these three over as Matty leans in, *in charge*.

MATTY (CONT'D)
 Help you with something?

OFFICER
 Whatcha towin' this morning?

MATTY
 Oh, you know.

OFFICER
 No. I don't.

MATTY
 That's fine, too.

A beat. The officer. *What the fuck did this kid just say?*

OFFICER
 License, registration, insurance.

Matty nods, searches the car a beat -- until he plucks a BUSINESS CARD from the ash tray, dusts it off --

-- and hands it over to the officer. Revealing it to read: **3RP.**

OFFICER (CONT'D)
What's this?

Matty LAUGHS, short and brief. Because *what's THIS?*

MATTY
Officer, uh. You'll forgive the frankness, but -- *you must be new.*

A nice hefty beat with the officer here -- before:

OFFICER
Outta the car. All three'a you.

MATTY
Johnson. What county we in?

JOHNSON
Luxton.

MATTY
Who's Luxton?

JOHNSON
Blanchard.

MATTY
Blanchard. (TO OFFICER) And what's your name?

OFFICER
Out. *NOW.*

MATTY
Because I bet if you called Sheriff Blanchard and told him you had The 3 River Phoenixes pulled over on the side of a fucking highway? It'd probably make for a real muddy first week on the job. *Officer.*

The officer tries to make sense of this.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Give him a call. *Blanchard.* And if he says it's okay, I'll let you take a look at our goods back there warrant-free. How about that?

The officer doesn't move.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Big haul for a big rookie.

He takes another look at Matty -- then lifts his radio, and just as he's about to speak into it -- we CUT TO:

INT. BETTY THE BROUGHAM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

CLOSE: THE SIDE MIRROR -- AND THE REFLECTION OF **THE OFFICER GETTING BACK INTO HIS CAR**, defeated as he DRIVES OFF.

MATTY
Welcome to the force, asshole.

Matty looks up at the shotguns, back to Ethan.

MATTY (CONT'D)
How many times you ever look at the ceiling of a car, huh?

Fair point.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

And there goes Betty, back on her way.

INT. BASH'S ROOM - DAY

It's dark again. Except, this time, a TELEVISION has been left on overnight. Something loud and violent filling the room.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

And the frame we've come to know as BASH stirs, moves for the door -- and opens it to find JOEL. Again. Looking to Bash.

JOEL
Gotta deal with something unpleasant.

And off this non-agreement, we --

EXT. ANOTHER HIGHWAY - DAY

-- find ourselves CLOSE ON: BASH. Through a windshield, at the steering wheel of a car. And as we pull back --

-- we find he's driving a very non-Brawler **SEDAN**. And behind this sedan, we can see: *JOEL'S HI-BOY following.*

EXT. CAFFEE GROCERY & GAS - DAY

A vintage gas station, rusting itself away on the edge of the highway. Seemingly abandoned, but who can be sure.

Bash's Sedan, Joel's Hi-Boy; both pull in -- and we follow them as they head around back, parking in a dusty lot.

They both get out of their respective cars, move for the sedan's trunk, *pop it open*.

BASH
Did you know him?

JOEL
Saw him around a few times. That's about it.

And we REVEAL: *BOYLE*. Still dead from his overdose, stuffed in his own trunk.

BASH
Alright, I got legs.

EXT. CAFFEE GROCERY & GAS - BACK PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Bash and Joel, carefully carrying Boyle's corpse together, moving up to the driver's side door, swung open.

BASH
You healthy? Feel well?

JOEL
Seems like it.

They get to the driver's seat, start to maneuver Boyle's body into his car, proving to be an awkward task.

BASH
And Lyla?

JOEL
Healthy. Curious as ever. Whole different view of the world. Ain't got a damn clue where she gets it.

Boyle's upright in his seat, Joel assuming full control of the task as Bash stiffly leans against the car, lights a joint.

BASH
How 'bout Rita?

JOEL
Sent me a letter a few months
back. Wants to work out custody.

BASH
That shouldn't be hard to beat.
Not with her past.

JOEL
Not sure our living arrangement
will make the best case either.

Joel joins Bash in leaning against the car. Taking a few
beats here -- as Bash passes Joel the joint. He puffs --

JOEL (CONT'D)
How 'bout you? You healthy?

BASH
Got a cough I don't like. Comes
and goes. Mostly at night. Other
than that. (SHRUGS)

-- and Joel passes back to Bash.

JOEL
You don't come around much anymore.

BASH
What's to come around for?

JOEL
What's to stay in your room for?

BASH
Big wide world in that light box
in there. Lotta stories.

JOEL
Don't ever get bored?

BASH
How many more times I gotta watch
Pinups discover themselves?

Joel stifles a chuckle, muffled and sad. As Bash, not smiling
or laughing at all -- just a longing look in his eye.

BASH (CONT'D)
Tell you the honest of it?
(beat)
I miss it. The constant -- *uncertainty*
of it all. All of us fighting for
territory, sure, but --
(MORE)

BASH (CONT'D)

(beat)

-- it was more than that. We were validating ourselves. We weren't saying this world was ours -- we were fucking **SHOWING** 'em it was ours.

(beat)

Now? We all just drink with our dicks in our hands and our girls on a stage. Got no *purpose*.

JOEL

Business boomed since things settled, Bash. Ain't never been better.

And Bash takes a drag, as Joel considers that a beat, reading something else from all of this:

JOEL (CONT'D)

You ever miss her?

Bash averts his gaze here, his frame stiffening, eyes sinking, avoiding everything about that question --

-- because, whomever Joel is referring to clearly has a deep effect on Bash -- but he stifles it. Snubs out the joint.

BASH

Might be time to take care of that other thing, yeah?

And with that, Bash stalks away towards the Hi-Boy, Joel watching his sad monster of a frame the entire way.

INT. THE PINUP BYRDS' LAIR - LATER

Decorated in the style of a punk rock club's grimeiest green room. Plastered artwork abound, old photos of classic actresses.

Multiple vanity mirrors with no clear logic to their placement -- and a Pinup at each mirror, getting ready.

We find Meredith at her own vanity mirror. When:

There's a *KNOCK* at the door. And without waiting, it *OPENS*. Revealing Joel. Stepping in the doorway.

The Pinups fawn over him, sheer endearment over his presence --

VARIOUS PINUPS (O.S.)

Hey'a, Joel! / Lookin' swell,
stud! / How come we don't see you
'round here no more?

-- except Meredith. Because she knows what he's doing here, as all of this plays out in the reflection of her mirror.

JOEL

It's nice to see you, too, girls.

That's when Joel steps in further -- and REVEALS BASH behind him, the Pinups immediately falling silent. *Uncomfortable.* None of them particularly liking Bash.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Would you all -- mind giving Bash and me a moment here with Meredith and Bea?

Unanimous hesitation around the room -- for a few beats, until they all quietly agree, rise -- and move for the door.

And we're still in Meredith's reflection, watching as the other Pinups leave. She looks to Bea. Nervous at her station.

The door closes. The four of them alone now. As Joel approaches Meredith, takes a seat behind her.

JOEL (CONT'D)

I want a name.

MEREDITH

What name?

JOEL

A guy died, Meredith. Because of that toxic *shit* you sell. A guy died and now we gotta cross our fingers that he can't be traced to us. Because all of our friends that protect us? The ones that make our lives able to function here? When people start dying, that's when they turn their backs.

(beat)

So. A fucking name. *Please.*

And it's a showdown here. Meredith staring Joel down, Joel staring right back. Neither one of them willing to budge.

MEREDITH

We don't know his name. We skip out early in the morning, before sunrise. Meet him at a gas station.

Meredith shrugs -- as Joel stares at her in the mirror a long, tense beat -- before he looks in Bash's direction --

-- *giving Bash a cue*. That's when Bash steps to Bea, takes her tiny hand in his bear mitt -- gentle at first -- until --

BEA

What -- what are you doing?

-- and that's right when we start to hear it -- just barely, but it's there -- *A CRUNCH -- AS BEA CRIES OUT --*

-- *because Bash is squeezing, crushing her hand with his --*

-- all in the B.G. as we're still on Meredith's reflection, tears streaming down her face as she fights a vicious tremble.

MEREDITH

Stop --

But Bash doesn't, continuing to tighten his monstrous grip on Bea's hand -- her cries muffled and excruciating --

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

-- *goddammit, Joel --*

JOEL

-- gimme a name and he stops.

Jesus. Alright, man. Meredith takes a breath, swallows. And:

MEREDITH

It's Peter. The one with the grin.

Joel nods. *Makes sense*. Looks to Bash -- and Bash lets go of Bea's crumpled hand, letting her fall to the floor.

JOEL

Tell Bru to detain Peter tonight.

(beat)

And take her to the nurse.

Bash nods -- and hoists the wailing Bea up, escorting her out of there, leaving Joel alone with Meredith --

-- and Meredith's eyes here, filled with tears, shooting fucking daggers into Joel -- *beyond furious*.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Had to put on a show.

And here, there's a guilt in Joel's eye. Struggling to look at Meredith. Because:

MEREDITH

Suppose you're still gonna want your cut.

Joel looks to her -- and now we understand where that guilt is coming from -- *because he's in on this scratch business.*

JOEL

Keep it this week. Lay low awhile before you unload the rest. But, for fuck's sake, pay attention to how much they're buying. Can't have this happen again.

MEREDITH

And what about Peter?

Joel thinks on that a beat. Before:

JOEL

We'll figure it out.

Joel stands, moves to leaves, before stopping in the doorway --

JOEL (CONT'D)

Burt's coming by the way.

(beat)

Thought you should know.

And Joel finally leaves. As we stay in Meredith's reflection, the color draining from her face --

-- *because the return of Burt is the epitome of unthinkable.*

end two.

THREE.**INT. OLD CROW'S CAB COMPANY - DAY**

And here's this place. Its interior as old school as they come. A color palette reminiscent of days long gone by.

And to boot, the place is absurdly busy. A **DISPATCHER** switching lines to and fro. The cab business booming.

This is when, peculiarly enough, Detective Fowler enters, walks right by dispatch -- been here plenty of times.

Fowler moves up a flight of stairs, walks into an office, its pane window overlooking the bullpen --

FOWLER (O.S.)
Hey, Bart.

-- and we pan over to the window, where we see: BIG GRAHAM at a desk. Looking at Fowler. *Very familiar with the man.*

INT. BIG GRAHAM'S OFFICE - LATER

And now we're ANGLING ON Big Graham. Seated behind his desk, the weight of grief now on his shoulders.

FOWLER
Lookin' out for you here.

BIG GRAHAM
Yeah. Thanks.

Big Graham nods to himself, his gaze distant -- as Fowler leans forward. This next part serious.

FOWLER
With Molly's account, a warrant for your arrest is on deck. I can only hold it off for so long, so. If you got any idea where they might have gone -- I'd get to it.

Big Graham looks to Fowler, knows what that means. All of this settling in sour with him. Fowler stands, moves for the door --

FOWLER (CONT'D)
By the way. Sorry for your loss.

-- and he leaves us with Big Graham. The surprise in his eyes now turning into something much darker.

INT. BURT'S BANG-A-RANG - BRANCH 707 - NIGHT

A full house again. But this time, something unusual on stage --

-- A CIRCLE OF BRAWLERS. Each with short, thick ropes in hand, *PETER THE PATRON IN THE MIDDLE OF THEM* --

-- and the Brawlers are beating him with their ropes. One hit sends Peter one way, another sends him another --

-- and it's wearing poor Peter out, staggering around. This strange torture method having been going on for awhile.

We find Meredith in the audience, watching this. A sense of hopelessness deep in her eyes as she tries to suppress it.

She looks across the room. *TO JOEL*. At the bar. He spots her, raises his bottle. Not in a taunting manner. Just to simply confirm -- *they both knew it would come to this*.

We come to Joel, guilt in his eye as he turns away from Peter, leans against the bar. Considering this life, when --

BRU

Hey, Joel --

-- Joel turns to find Bru -- and next to Bru: WITT. Joel taking him in a beat as he finishes his beer.

JOEL

Witt. Was startin' to think you forgot about us.

WITT

Lost track of time.

Joel nods, empty, forcing himself to buy that bullshit.

JOEL

What'd you bring us tonight?

Witt produces a NOTEBOOK, some scribbles, photographs, maps.

WITT

Few rural spots in Indiana look promising. Couple in Ohio --

JOEL

-- we don't want north. Told ya that. And -- this is the same shit you brought us last time.

Confusion crosses Witt, double checking his photographs.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 Didn't think I'd notice?

WITT
 No, I thought, uh -- they, just --
 they seem promising.

JOEL
 Told ya we want west. Hit the
 bible belt, check the desert. Told
 ya plenty of times.

And now is about the time that we realize -- *this is what Witt meant by "checking in"*.

WITT
 Guess I misunderstood.

JOEL
 Been slippin', Witt. More and more
 lately. Startin' to worry us.

Witt nods, embarrassed, starts to gather his things to leave -- as two beers arrive, Joel extending one to him.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 Have a drink.

WITT
 That's the last thing I need.

JOEL
 It's everything we all need.

So, Witt takes it. They clink. Drink. As Witt looks to the stage, the fiasco with Peter still in progress.

WITT
 How's the kid?

JOEL
 Fine. Got himself in a little
 trouble first few days.

WITT
 He around?

JOEL
 Nah. They're on the route.

Joel takes a drink, looks to Witt a beat here.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 How'd you say you knew him again?

And, remarkably, Witt doesn't miss a beat:

WITT
Ex-wife's kid.

Joel nods a beat. Buys that. The story's consistent --

-- and that's right as Bru returns, hands a THICK ENVELOPE over to Joel, breaking the tone.

JOEL
Alright then. So understand. We want territory in the west. And we want it soon. Which means you go find it now. Yeah?

Joel puts the thick envelope into Witt's hand -- *and leaves Witt to watch Peter collapse on stage* -- as we head to:

EXT. DONUTS 'N' DUVETS - SOMEWHERE IN INDIANA - NIGHT

Here's a quick establishing. The interior of the office/donut shoppe emitting its bright white into the hollow night.

INT. ROOM 111 - NIGHT

The television. Volume low as we come back to find Doris and Molly. Each sitting on their respective double beds, the black-and-white from the TV shifting across their faces.

MOLLY
Can I ask you something?
(beat)
How do you know the guy with no hair? The one that drove us?

DORIS
Witt's an old friend.

MOLLY
Were you having an affair?

And Doris looks sharply at Molly. *Doesn't even need to say it.*

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Sorry. I didn't mean to pry.

A few beats as they turn back to the television.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Can I ask you something else?
 (beat)
 Had you ever killed anyone before?

Doris absorbs that one, slightly unnerving her.

DORIS
 Not that I can recall.

MOLLY
 And how does it feel now that you
can? Recall?

Doris looks back at Molly -- her questions starting to give way to a vulnerability Doris had not yet noticed --

-- both in Molly -- *and herself* -- as she digs for an answer here. As truthful an answer as she can muster:

DORIS
 I'm not sure I feel much at all.

They both look back to the television. The old movie playing low, a squad of trench coat men in an alley somewhere.

MOLLY
 They had the same laugh, y'know.
 Colin and Thomas.

And here's where Doris pauses. Realizing -- *she hasn't even had a chance to process Thomas' death.*

She takes a breath -- as a simmering emotion begins to surface, Doris looking back to the television. Two of the trench coats now fighting each other in the same alley.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 I guess -- you always think you're
 prepared for someone to die.
 (beat)
 Then they actually do.

And for the first time, we see Doris shift here, *genuinely uncomfortable*. Nothing sweet and witty to diffuse the situation -- *this moment truly fucking with her.*

DORIS
 I'm going to get a coffee. Would
 you like one?

But Molly doesn't answer. Just watches the trench coats move on with their violent lives.

INT. THE DONUT SHOPPE - LATER - NIGHT

Here's Doris. In a booth. The only patron in here. Another cup of coffee, another donut neatly placed in front of her.

She looks to the CLERK, leaning on a stool behind the register, reading a magazine. Could be dirty, could be clean.

And as she considers her conversation with Molly, Doris looks back to that **TINY BLACK HEART TATTOO** on her wrist.

It's a moment here. Doris, sitting in this strange motel donut shoppe, suddenly at a loss. *Because maybe Witt was right...*

... and that's when, O.S: **DING**. The front entrance. Doris thinking nothing of it, until -- **SHK-RK** -- *that sound* --

A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(MEANING FUCKING BUSINESS)
HANDS, GUY!

-- Doris looks up -- to find that that sound is the sound of a SAWED-OFF PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN, aimed right at the clerk --

-- and it's in the hands of a ROBBER. Slender with a SKI MASK on, a **WOLFMAN** decal printed on its front.

There's a SECOND ROBBER at his side. Rotund. **ZOMBIE** SKI MASK. And an AR-15 in his hands, also aimed at the clerk.

We slow down a moment. As the Wolfman turns to look at Doris --

-- and she looks right back at him looking back at her as she looks back at him. And maybe, just maybe -- *he might blink* --

-- until he turns back to the clerk -- because who would ever perceive Doris as a threat, right?

WOLFMAN
Open it.

CHING. The clerk opens the register, takes a step back --

ZOMBIE
Not the register.

WOLFMAN
The door.

CLERK
What door?

THE DOOR. And with time most likely a thing, the rotund Zombie with the AR moves behind the register, to the clerk -- -- and jams the AR's barrel into the back of the clerk's head.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Oh, that door.

With that -- the clerk moves, the masked monsters bound to him with their weapons -- and we FOLLOW THEM:

Into the DONUT KITCHEN that leads into a short HALLWAY where, the clerk slides aside a storage rack, revealing that --

-- sure enough, *THERE'S A DOOR.* Fragile, yet secure. The clerk knocks on it. Once. Twice. Thrice. Waits. When:

VOICE (O.S.)
Yeah.

CLERK
Could you open the door?

VOICE (O.S.)
Why?

CLERK
Everything's fine, just. Could you?

A few beats -- and why not, the door opens -- and our two monsters shove the clerk aside -- and barge into --

INT. AN UNDERGROUND CARD GAME IN PROCESS - CONTINUOUS

-- a spacious room, three tables where a lot of **LOW RATE MIDWESTERN CRIMINALS** are doing some illegal gambling.

The MAN on the other side of the door we'll simply call the **DEALER.** *As the Wolfman shoves his shotgun in his face --*

-- and all is silent. Because now we get it: *this robbery is about so much more than some measly fucking donut money.*

Our monsters take well-planned positions with impeccable vantage points, weapons raised, the Wolfman with the Dealer in tow.

WOLFMAN
First. *HANDS. ALL OF YOU.*

Slowly, with pride-fueled reluctance, the low rate criminals all raise their hands.

WOLFMAN (CONT'D)
 Second. Hands don't move or these
 go off. Dig that?

No responses. But sometimes, no news is good news. So:

WOLFMAN (CONT'D)
 (then, to the Dealer)
 Show my man here where the cases at.

The Wolfman shoves the Dealer forward -- as the Zombie quickly gets behind him, AR pressed into his spine --

-- and they move to the back, where -- a **GUARDIAN** OF A MAN stands sentry, shielding a set of OLD GYM LOCKERS.

The Dealer looks to the Guardian, the Guardian back at the dealer. And the Zombie's AR now square on the Guardian --

ZOMBIE
 The cases.

But the Zombie gets nothing but silence, the Guardian's broad shoulders backing down from no one.

ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
 The cases.

And we ANGLE ON a few of the low rate criminals, biding our time, building some tension as we realize that --

-- *some of these guys aren't going to go quietly into the night.* A young one we'll call **BOLO** because bolo tie --

-- another we'll refer to as **PONY** because pony tail. And we'll keep it short on detail with these guys, because --

-- *BOLO PULLS A GUN, PONY PULLS A GUN,* both of these idiots rising, ready to take on-- **BWWWOOOOMMMMM!**

But just like that, the Wolfman's taken out Bolo. And Zombie whips around, AR dead on Pony -- **BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!**

Scant on their details because those boys were written to die.

As Pony goes down -- Guardian *REACHES FOR HIS WAIST,* when -- **FWACKPF!** Zombie has butted him in the face with the AR --

-- such impressive stealth from this rotund man -- and he quickly turns back to Guardian. All quiet again.

ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
 Cases.

The Dealer looks to Guardian with a solemn gaze of defeat, and he nods. So, the Guardian turns to the lockers, spins some dials, works some combinations --

-- and he opens TWO LOCKERS. Pulls TWO BRIEFCASES. Sets them on the floor before Zombie.

ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
There's four.

DEALER
We only have two.

ZOMBIE
There's four.

Beat. And the Dealer looks up at the Guardian again. *Because of course there's four.* And just like that:

TWO MORE BRIEFCASES are placed next to the others. Zombie WHISTLES to Wolfman, cueing him to make his way to the back, quickly kneels down to the four briefcases --

-- as Zombie turns the AR on the entire room, watching as carefully as ever --

-- as we find Wolfman tying something around the briefcases, two at a time -- and when he stands back up --

-- HE'S RIGGED TWO OF THEM TO BE ABLE TO SLIP ONTO HIS BACK LIKE A FUCKING BACKPACK -- *impressively resourceful.*

WOLFMAN
Good.

-- and Wolfman's shotgun is back on the room, as Zombie dips down, quickly stands back up with his own briefcase-backpack --

-- and now they move, slowly but quickly, back out the door --

-- where we see, far at the other end from all of this, where we first started this fiasco in the donut shoppe --

-- **THERE'S DORIS' SMALL FRAME WATCHING WITH PERTINENCE.**

Until we turn away from her, back with the monsters -- AS THEY GET OUT OF THERE THROUGH A BACK DOOR. WE FOLLOW THEM --

EXT. BEHIND THE DONUT SHOPPE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- where all of the CRIMINALS' CARS ARE PARKED. The monsters and their briefcase-backpacks -- moving to --

-- THE STREET, WHERE A RUNNING CAR WAITS. *EMPTY*. They get in, SPEED OFF -- and still in the same shot, we turn --

-- TO FIND THAT THE ENTIRE GROUP OF LOW RATE MIDWESTERN CRIMINALS ARE COMING OUT AFTER THEM, CHAOS IN FULL SWING --

-- **AND ALL OF THEM GETTING INTO THEIR CARS** --

-- A CLUSTERFUCK OF SPEEDING AUTOMOBILES SCRAMBLING JUST TO GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE PARKING LOT -- *PASSING US* --

-- AS WE HOME IN ON THE FINAL ONE: **A ROAD RUNNER**. Swerving the most of all. Reckless and dumb --

-- and just as we might think this will be our chase car --

-- **CRRRRRRRRRRRRRRSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHH** --

-- *IT CRASHES INTO A TELEPHONE POLE* --

-- **EE** --

-- *ITS HORN SOUNDING OFF* --

-- painfully obnoxious, the Road Runner's pursuit over before it even had a chance to begin.

And we linger here a few beats, pushing in on the Road Runner.

Before we -- **CUT TO BLACK**.

end three.

FOUR.

And after a slight breather from all of that, **WE OPEN --**

INT. A GMC SUV - SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

-- CLOSE ON: A MAN in the driver's seat. Late 30s. African-American. This is **EARL**. *Slender*. His eyes keen, focused.

The passenger door opens. Another MAN hops in. Slams the door. This is **CORDELL**. *Rotund*. Also 30s. Also African-American.

CORDELL

We're good. Time you got?

Earl looks to a DIGITAL WATCH on his wrist. Cheap, reliable.

EARL

Comin' up.

They sit a few beats. The long wait a big part of this.

CORDELL

I tell you I saw baby sis the other day?

EARL

Anita? She good?

CORDELL

Think she finally fuckin'.

Earl's expression shifts. Not exactly interested in this topic.

CORDELL (CONT'D)

Too young, man. Ain't good.

EARL

And how old were you?

CORDELL

That's different.

EARL

'cause it's your baby sister?

CORDELL

Goddamn right.

EARL

Why you think that anyway?

EXT. DONUTS 'N' DUVETS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

-- the Road Runner's HORN, now with some distance between us.

And we come behind Doris as she urgently exits the shoppe, swiftly rounds the corner, *the horn getting louder* --

-- and she comes to the scene of the crime just in time to see the pursuing cars' tail lights in the distance --

-- squealing tires fading -- as Doris comes to the crashed Road Runner, that horn a real fucking problem for our ears.

Here's the Road Runner's **DRIVER**. Face planted into the steering wheel, *which explains the horn*.

And Doris stops here, looking around as she considers all of this a beat, this strange moment of serendipity --

-- she looks back to the driver, back to the shrinking tail lights in the distance -- *and that's when she makes a decision* --

-- and, so. *DORIS PULLS ON HER WHITE GLOVES, SHE OPENS THE CAR DOOR*, gently pulling the dying-or-dead driver out.

Then she gets in. Shuts the door. *AND REVS THE FUCKING ENGINE*.

INT. ROAD RUNNER - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

And here's Doris at the wheel. The Road Runner moving at an impressive speed, gearhead blood coursing through her veins.

And ahead: IT'S FUCKING CHAOS. Tail lights spinning, crashing, flipping, gunshots popping off like party poppers --

-- and as Doris passes the wrecks, we'll take note:

A LINCOLN. A LEXUS. A MERCEDES.

As Doris looks to find, through some neighborhood fences, yards, houses -- *THERE'S EARL AND CORDELL'S GETAWAY CAR*.

She keeps the surviving tail lights in her sights, the pursuit carrying on -- until she notices:

THE SAME LINCOLN. THE SAME LEXUS. SAME MERCEDES.

This whole thing is a circle Earl and Cordell are leading these idiots in, picking them off one-by-one.

And, Doris. Realizing this when she sees: THEIR GETAWAY CAR ditched in an alley somewhere.

She KILLS HER HEADLIGHTS. Coasts in the dark as she follows the fenced-in, abandoned houses neighboring the alley --

-- TO ANOTHER ALLEY -- WHERE A LONE CAR WAITS LIKE A **SPIDER**. One we haven't seen before. *Something about it* --

-- so, Doris takes a chance. Parks the Road Runner, kills the engine, slumps in the driver's seat -- *and watches*.

Until everything quiets down. The pursuing cars gone. *AND THE SPIDER CAR COMES TO LIFE*. Slowly, making its way out of there.

EXT. AN INTERSTATE - NIGHT

The Spider Car drives as if nothing had happened. And a few cars back -- *Doris follows in the banged up Road Runner*.

EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER - NIGHT

Dilapidated buildings. Broken blocks of homes -- as a few houses down, the Spider Car pulls into a driveway.

We ANGLE ON Doris in the Road Runner -- watching as: *Earl and Cordell pull the briefcases from their trunk*. Off that --

AN IRISH PRIEST (PRE-LAP)
God of love and mercy --

EXT. A GRAVEYARD - DETROIT - DAY

-- and here's TWO CASKETS, side-by-side, slowly being lowered into the ground -- as we PULL BACK --

AN IRISH PRIEST (O.S.)
-- embrace all those whose hearts
today overflow with grief --

-- and find a FAMILY TOMBSTONE. Reading:

THOMAS DUNN, LOVING FATHER. COLIN DUNN, BELOVED SON.

We ANGLE ON the attendees, the crowd massive, as if the entire goddamned city of Detroit has shown up.

AN IRISH PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
-- grant them space to express their tears --

But we home in on one: *Big Graham*. Watching the caskets lower. A subtle blend of mourning, confusion -- *and fury*.

AN IRISH PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 -- and hold them close through the
 coming days.

And off Big Graham, this festering beast of a madman --

EXT. THE DUNN RESIDENCE - LATER

-- we come to find Big Graham at the reception, moving
 through the cramped house, filled with funeral guests.

He moves casually, his sights set on one person in particular:
GRACE FITZPATRICK. 30s. Familiar in face and frame --

BIG GRAHAM
 Hello, Grace.

-- and while she does a decent job of hiding it, we can
 tell: *Big Graham fucking terrifies her.*

BIG GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 My condolences. Your brother-in-
 law was a fine young man.

Grace nods, avoiding having to respond.

BIG GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 I haven't seen Molly. She alright?

Grace pauses at this, takes a sip of her little cocktail. And
 we realize -- she looks familiar because she's *MOLLY'S SISTER.*

GRACE
 I hope so.

And she looks to Big Graham, uncomfortable. Tense. Because,
 by now -- *Molly's accusations have undoubtedly gotten out.*

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Mr. Graham, forgive me for asking,
 but -- do you think it's a good
 idea for you to be here?

Big Graham's expression shifts -- that anger bubbling to
 the surface -- as he steps closer to Grace. *Realizing:*

BIG GRAHAM
 You believe them?

But, Grace can't stand up to this. No one could. Look at
 this fucking guy. So, she plays it safe:

GRACE
 Would you excuse me?

And she waits for no answer -- just gets the fuck away from him, disappearing into the sea of mourners --

-- as we ANGLE ON Big Graham, controlling himself, this humiliating little moment compounding it all.

INT. THE DEN - LATER

The very room Thomas died in. Somewhat quieter. We find Big Graham at the bar, pouring himself a drink --

-- as he looks to Thomas' empty hospice bed. Considers it.

Then he looks to the living room. Watching everyone, his eyes rankling -- because they ALL must think he killed Colin.

And this is where Doris is winning. Demonizing Big Graham in the eyes of a family he's done nothing but adore.

However. Big Graham will get a break, when he spots:

Grace. Doing her best to fill in for Molly as a host -- when A WOMAN whispers something in her ear.

And judging by Grace's expression -- it's important -- as Big Graham watches Grace leave with the woman.

GRACE (PRE-LAP)
 Tell me you're safe.

INT. ROOM 111 - DAY - MEANWHILE

And we're behind Molly. Sitting on the edge of her bed, on the phone with Grace. Her frame melancholic.

MOLLY
 I'm safe.

Beat.

GRACE (O.S.)
 He's here. At the reception.

MOLLY
 I'm sure he is.

There's a silence. A few beats. Before:

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I made a mistake, Grace.

-- and she stops. Listening to Grace breathe a few beats.

GRACE (O.S.)
Come home to me, Molly.

Beat.

MOLLY
Did he look healthy?

Beat.

GRACE (O.S.)
What's that?

MOLLY
Colin. In his casket. Did he look well?

INT. THE DUNN KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Here's Grace on the phone, holding on this a beat, searching for the best way to approach. Before she gives it to Molly straight:

GRACE
Casket was closed, sweetheart.

AND WITH MOLLY

Still behind her on the bed, her frame bereaved. *Sad.* She lets her head hang -- and that's when we hear the SNIFFLE.

Molly, sobbing, trying to suppress it. And failing. Because, as it turns out -- *she really loved that asshole after all.*

WITH GRACE

Wishing she could do something, anything.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Okay.

And the phone goes dead. Molly's hung up. Grace solemnly replaces the receiver, clears frame -- and yet, we linger here a beat. Maybe a few.

Because here's Big Graham, entering the kitchen, looking around for any Johnny Eyewitnesses -- before he moves for the phone --

-- lifts the receiver, DIALS A FEW NUMBERS -- *and waits...*

CLERK (O.S.)
Donuts 'n' Duvets.

And off Big Graham -- *got your ass.*

EST./EXT. PERCY'S CHECKPOINT - DAY

The sun sits high as Betty pulls into a sparsely populated parking lot.

INT. PERCY'S CHECKPOINT

And we've been here briefly in our pilot. GREGORY behind the bar, PERCY on a stool, reading a tabloid as our Phoenixes enter, Matty with an ORANGE DUFFEL BAG in hand.

PERCY
 Boys are late.

MATTY
 Fuck you care?

PERCY
 See the new kid's still breathin'.

MATTY
 Barely.

As Johnson drops himself right onto a bar stool.

JOHNSON
 Gregory -- some pours of
 strychnine before you go?

Gregory drops a BOTTLE in front of Johnson, nods to Matty before walking to the end of the bar to meet him.

And here's Ethan, *clocking that little exchange*, watching as Matty and Gregory disappear in back.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 Have a drink with me.

Ethan sits, Johnson pours him one -- just as a **PATRON** enters, fresh-faced as he approaches the bar, uncertain.

And here's Percy, put out as he notices the man, lets his tabloid sag as he turns to the patron.

PERCY
 Need somethin', friend?

PATRON

Is this -- is this where I can get
a ticket? To the Bang-A-Rang?

Percy holds a beat -- and rises, moving behind the bar,
planting his hands firm and flat onto the bar top --

-- and looks the patron dead in his eye.

PERCY

You ever been to a Bang-A-Rang?

PATRON

No, sir.

PERCY

You're goddamned right *no*, **sir** and
you're goddamned right you ain't
never been to a Bang-A-Rang,
'cause if you had, you wouldn't
look so fucking stupid.

ANGLE ON Ethan. Because, uh -- *what?* As the Patron lets out
a nervous chuckle.

PERCY (CONT'D)

You think that's funny? That I
just called you *stupid? Business*
man. You look like a business man
are you a fucking business man?

PATRON

I'm -- I'm in finance, yeah--

PERCY (CONT'D)

-- what's your name?

Beat.

PATRON

Grady Miller.

PERCY

Let me be clear 'bout something,
Grady Miller: The Bang-A-Rang isn't
just a fun fucking time, it's
something you need. Something **you** --
YOU -- not me, but **YOU** -- fucking
NEED. Because you're a square prick
looking for your redemption as a
man, not this contributing citizen
bullshit you're on, no.

(beat)

You need redemption. Forgiveness.
Which is why you're here, isn't it?

Ethan looks at Johnson -- who simply watches the television, completely unfazed by all of this nonsensical banter.

And he looks back to Grady and Percy, a strange showdown of boisterous confusion. A few beats -- before:

PERCY (CONT'D)
Three hundred. Even.

And Grady Miller quickly fumbles in his pocket, slides three bills across the bar --

-- and Percy slides over a LAVISHLY GOLDEN TICKET, reused and abused, its design far too extravagant for words.

PERCY (CONT'D)
Directions on back. Go forth and learn a thing or two, Grady Miller.

Grady Miller takes it -- and leaves. Percy makes his way back to his stool, looking to Ethan as he sits back down.

PERCY (CONT'D)
What's your name again?

ETHAN
Ethan.

PERCY
Remember two things, Ethan: You gotta sell 'em even when they're already sold. And when you wanna read 'em -- confuse 'em.

And Percy looks back to his tabloid -- as out comes Gregory and Matty, now with a GREEN DUFFEL BAG in hand --

-- Matty stops at the bar, pours a quick Strychnine, downs it.

MATTY
Let's get outta here.

And off Ethan, taking one last look at Percy before they leave.

INT. WITT'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Windshield wipers work modestly because it must rain a lot in Indiana. As we watch through the windshield:

A CAR driving ahead of us. A *familiar car*. *THE SPIDER CAR*. Come around to find Witt and Doris watching it --

-- *because they're following Earl and Cordell.*

EXT. HORACE'S HOT DOG STAND - LATER

Witt's station wagon approaches, parks across the street.

INT. WITT'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Doris and Witt peer out at the busy food stand. One of those five star diners with an F from the health department.

DORIS

That's them.

And there's Earl and Cordell, ordering some food. Doris, watching them. Her focus intent.

WITT

What's your plan then, huh? Walk up to them. Out yourself as a witness to their fucking robbery? Ask 'em to join your cause?

DORIS

Yes.

A beat. *Because okay then.*

EXT. HORACE'S HOT DOG STAND - MOMENTS LATER

As Earl and Cordell take seats, we see *Doris approaching in the B.G.* And while they don't notice her at first --

-- *here she stands.* Interrupting them mid-sentence, looking to her. No one ever being as confused as these two are here.

This dainty woman in the middle of a rough neighborhood. Smiling her pleasant smile -- *and looking right at Earl.*

DORIS

Hello.

Many beats. Before, Earl, french fry in hand:

EARL

Need somethin'?

DORIS

My name is Doris. Doris Dearie.

EARL

Alright.

DORIS

I'm not -- sure how to approach this, but. I saw you last night. At the donut shoppe. And you saw me, if you recall.

And Earl and Cordell both take pause here -- as Earl looks her over -- until we see it: *he DOES recognize her*. However:

EARL

'fraid I don't know what you're talking about.

Doris smiles. Understands. And for all of her courage in this tale, we've gotta admit -- *she does seem a bit nervous here*.

DORIS

May I sit?

EARL

Probably better you didn't.

So, she continues to stand as Earl and Cordell chew their food. Trying to ignore her. But it's not working.

DORIS

Have you heard of The Banished Brawlers?

Earl pauses -- who *hasn't* heard of The Banished Brawlers?

EARL

Have a good day, miss.

And now, Doris sits. Uninvited. Looking across the table at a very annoyed Earl. A man just trying to eat his lunch.

DORIS

You have. It's why you hesitated.

Whereas Cordell -- *could not care less*. He eats his hot dog, drinks his soda, listens to Doris carelessly.

EARL

Why I hesitated -- is that I don't know what the *fuck* The Banished Brawlers gotta do with a coupla *landscapers* enjoyin' their lunch.

DORIS

I have a plan to disband them.

Here's the longest silence we've ever heard. Because: *disbanding The Banished Brawlers* shouldn't even be a sentence.

DORIS (CONT'D)

And what I saw you two capable of last night was *talent*. Unbridled and pure. You knew what you came for and you knew how to get it and none of those men with guns were going to stop you.

(beat)

Which is why -- I'd like to hire you to help me.

Another long beat here -- as we can see: *Doris now has Earl's attention*. Looking to her. Trying hard to read her.

EARL

We just landscapers, miss.

However -- Doris persists:

DORIS

I can learn where their *weak points* are. How to make them vulnerable.

EARL

Humble livin', but, it does us damn good --

DORIS

-- and with each Bang-A-Rang we take down, there would be a substantial amount of cash that we can split between us. Could potentially amount to the biggest score of your career.

And finally, *Earl snaps*.

EARL

Look. *WE FUCKIN' LANDSCAPERS, ALRIGHT?*

(beat)

But, I'll tell you somethin':

(beat)

I take one look at you, sittin' here talkin' like you know everything about everybody -- I take one look and I think -- *shit, that ain't nobody I'd ever want on my team*. You know why?

(beat)

Because you don't know what you're gettin' yourself into --

DORIS

-- as I said --

EARL (CONT'D)

-- shut up.

Doris not liking that one. This whole thing taking a dark turn.

EARL (CONT'D)

If you did? If you knew what you were askin' right now? You'd know it ain't about the money. Ain't **never** about the money.

(beat)

See -- if I wouldn't want you on **my** team, why you think I'd ever trust you to lead me on **YOURS?**

(beat)

Not to mention -- you're dumb enough to sit here and presume that not me nor my fuckin' cousin here would ever go to The Brawlers and tell 'em how some Little Debbie-ass woman is out here talkin' about -- *disbandin' 'em.*

Doris stops at that --

EARL (CONT'D)

Didn't think about that, did you?

-- because, no. She didn't.

EARL (CONT'D)

Which is why you need to take your ass on home. Before you get hurt.

(beat)

And besides. It's like we said.

Earl looks to her expectantly. Knows she knows the answer.

DORIS

Landscapers.

EARL

Landscapers.

And Earl goes back to his food. Cordell having never even given her the time of day. And Doris, hurt, staring at Earl.

DORIS

Thank you for your time.

They say nothing. Doris rises, walks away -- as we get a look at her here -- *Earl's words having a profound effect.*

end four.

FIVE.

EXT. BURT'S BANG-A-RANG - REAR COMPOUND - A SUPPLY SHED - DAY

Here comes Betty the Brougham, Matty at the wheel, maneuvering the car around to the "supply shed".

EXT. BURT'S BANG-A-RANG - REAR COMPOUND - LATER

And here's Ethan, walking alone. When:

MEREDITH (O.S.)
I'm terribly embarrassed, y'know?

He looks to find Meredith, smoking inside of that fenced-in enclosure once again.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
I had to look Michigan up on a map. And lemme tell ya -- *I was way off.*

Meredith holds her hand up in the shape of a MITTEN.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
It's shaped like a mitten. You ever notice that?

ETHAN
Everyone knows that.

MEREDITH
Oh, *excuse me.*
(beat)
Show me where you're from.

Ethan hesitates, still heeding that onslaught of advice regarding this girl, but -- *he's gotta.* So, he points to a spot on his own hand. *His own mitten.*

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
I can't see that far.

Fuck. He takes a few steps closer, does it again.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Too far.

ETHAN
You're fuckin' with me --

MEREDITH
-- just show me on mine.

And she presses her palm tight against the chicken wire.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
So I won't forget.

Ethan looks around, uncertain.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Sheesh. Such a nervous boy.

FuckGoddamn. He approaches the enclosure, gets close, avoiding eye contact as Meredith's eyes never leave him --

-- and Ethan hesitantly presses his finger to her palm.

As if she couldn't make it strange enough, Meredith closes her eyes, absorbing his fingertip, *strangely sensual* --

-- that's when Ethan notices: HER WRIST. **A TINY BLACK HEART TATTOO.** Like a scribble. *The same as Doris'.*

MATTY (O.S.)
Ethan -- !

And here comes Matty and Johnson, breaking the fun.

MATTY (CONT'D)
C'mon, we're grabbin' food.

He steals one last awkward boyish look at Meredith --

MEREDITH
Guess you better go.

-- and he goes. As her playfulness fades. Something about Ethan more relevant to her than where the fuck he's from.

INT. WITT'S STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Here's Doris, in the passenger seat because where else. Her confidence shook by Earl's assessment. Facade, cracking.

WITT (O.S.)
You alright?

DORIS
("she's not")
I'm great.

INT. ROOM 111 - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens. Doris enters. *And she stops dead in her tracks.*

As Witt comes in behind her, also stops. Both of them still, stunned. As we come around to REVEAL:

MOLLY. An electrical cord wrapped tight around her neck. *And she's hanging from a banister.* Dead as dead.

And there's something in Doris' eye here as she approaches Molly's swinging frame -- *a sad responsibility.*

That's when she looks to the bed, notices: **A MATCHBOOK.** *FRANK'S FLY-FISHING LOUNGE.* She lifts it, opens it to read:

We have lots to discuss. 8pm. - B.G.

DORIS

Witt.

And she turns to Witt, a resolve in her eye, her mind building multiple solutions at once -- *but she's calm.*

DORIS (CONT'D)

Don't be mad, but -- I think we may need to reconsider our approach.

And off Witt -- *because what in the fuck might that mean?*

EXT. FRANK'S FLY-FISHING LOUNGE - NIGHT

And we love our scuzzy places in this world. This joint looking like it should be on the wrong side of a swamp.

But, instead -- it's on the right side of an interstate.

INT. FRANK'S FLY-FISHING LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

And here's Doris, entering alone. And good lord, does this place suck. Stinky fried fish permeating the air.

Zero patrons here. Because, as the sign behind Doris reads, *the place is closed.* But, Doris looks to a table --

-- and there's Detective Fowler. Seated across from **JIMMY ROTHENBERG.** 70s. Everything about him spelling *L-A-W-Y-E-R.*

Then there's our man of the hour: Big Graham. Seated next to Fowler. He stands to greet Doris, the gentleman he is.

BIG GRAHAM
Hi there, Doris.

DORIS
Hi, Big Graham.

She smiles. So, fuck it. *He smiles back.* Two long lost friends bumping into each other in an Indiana fish diner.

BIG GRAHAM
You should have a seat.

She approaches the table, has a seat next to Rothenberg.

DORIS
Hello, Jimmy.

Doris, somehow knowing this man.

BIG GRAHAM
Yeah, so. Jimmy's brought some paperwork for you to sign.

DORIS
Let me guess -- to sign the restaurant over to you?

BIG GRAHAM
That -- and everything else.

Doris nods. Turns to Jimmy.

DORIS
Do you think that's what Thomas would have wanted, Mr. Rothenberg? Is this the counsel he's paid you for?

And, Jimmy. In no way, does he belong in a situation like this.

JIMMY
I -- I think, uh --

BIG GRAHAM
-- Jimmy knows the right thing to do.

Everyone stops. Goes silent. As Big Graham burns into Doris here -- leaning forward, showing every sign of restraint.

BIG GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Molly told us it was you that killed Colin. Detective Fowler has a confession she signed before she, uh --
(beat)
-- well, before the guilt consumed her.

Doris looks to Big Graham a beat, his words affecting her.

DORIS
She didn't deserve that.

And here's where Big Graham's temper becomes jeopardized.

BIG GRAHAM
*Didn't **DESERVE** that?* And what about Colin?
(beat)
Did he deserve that?

DORIS
Yes.

Big Graham stops. Doris reminding him of his hatred for her.

BIG GRAHAM
I told you how much him and his
father meant to me --

DORIS
-- and I told you, Tommy wanted to
turn a corner --

BIG GRAHAM
-- Tom DIED. That's what he did.

A very long beat -- as Doris simply stares at him.

BIG GRAHAM (CONT'D)
You and I both know how this ends.

Big Graham nods to Jimmy, who slides over another folder --

-- just as -- THE DOOR OPENS. AND IN WALKS EARL AND
CORDELL, WITT RIGHT BEHIND THEM.

And everyone at Doris' table gets confused here, Fowler
darting up, Big Graham sensing something off --

-- and Doris maintaining her stare on Big Graham.

FOWLER
Whoa. Gentlemen. Place is closed.

DORIS
They're here for me.

And Earl and Cordell -- *are just as fucking confused.*

EARL
Yo, we don't -- actually know what
the fuck's going on here, but --

DORIS

-- I had my friend there offer
them a thousand dollars each per
hour of their time.

Earl. Twice as frustrated as he was this afternoon --

EARL

Yeah, and yo, about that shit, we ain't
tryin' to get in no jackpot.

-- but, Fowler quickly pulls a GUN, trains it on Earl.

And, that -- *doesn't go well with Cordell*. Because Cordell
pulls his own gun, trains it right on Fowler's smooth face.

FOWLER

I'm Detroit Police. If you were
smart, you'd drop it.

CORDELL

Detroit's far as fuck, fam.

EARL

Cordell --

DORIS

-- don't concern yourself, Earl.
These are not nice men.

Fowler and Cordell staying on each other. Fowler, rage
simmering as his orders have not been heeded --

-- and Cordell, simply cool as a Mayweather cucumber.

And Big Graham looks to Doris. A certain air of respect for
this woman brewing here -- *because she's smart. Clever.*

BIG GRAHAM

Alright then, Doris. Fill me in.
How *does* this end?

She keeps her eyes on Big Graham for so long, that her gaze
almost starts to feel empty.

DORIS

My brother and his gang -- *The
Banished Brawlers* -- they had
their reasons for what they did to
me. And while I don't necessarily
agree with them -- *I've had to
live with them.*

(beat)

So, you see -- **EARL** --

Addressing Earl now, but with her eyes still on Big Graham.

DORIS (CONT'D)

-- all my life, people have been underestimating me. To the point where -- when my brother and his pals dragged me through a cornfield with their truck, they didn't even bother to check to see if I was still alive. I mean. Can you imagine? They were that convinced that even if I were somehow breathing -- *I wouldn't be a threat to them.*

But, Earl's too busy clocking Fowler and his gun.

EARL

Hey, uh -- if my man puts his down, and you put yours down --

DORIS

-- **EARL.** I'd like for you to listen to me, please.

Just to check in -- Doris' eyes are *still* fixed on Big Graham --

DORIS (CONT'D)

When I came to you this afternoon, you were right. I hadn't thought it through. That was my mistake and you helped me realize it. Which is why I think, even more so, we'd make a good team.

(beat)

But. You *also* underestimated me. And I want you to know that I understand. In fact -- *I appreciate it.* Because I've come to realize over the years that being underestimated is the greatest advantage you can have over people.

(beat)

My brother and The Brawlers, they all underestimated me and now I've found a way to make it their downfall.

(beat)

Even Big Graham and his friends here have underestimated me. *Even after I shot his knuckle-headed friend in the head.* And that's fine. It's good even. Because if they hadn't?

(MORE)

DORIS (CONT'D)
 Then I wouldn't have my gun
 resting in my lap right now --

-- and no beat. No pause. Immediately, before anyone in
 this room can process anyfuckingthing:

BLAM.

BIG GRAHAM'S FUCKING GUT EXPLODES. His blood spraying up
 onto his shirt, the table, everywhere --

-- and there are no words for his and everyone else's
 shock. All of us staring down at his bloody belly --

-- Big Graham makes a move for a gun in his belt, but his motor
 skills slow him down, anger in his eyes as he's forced to watch:

Doris lift her REVOLVER from under the table --

-- and Fowler, *instinctively turning his gun on her* --

-- *BUT FORGETTING ALL ABOUT CORDELL IN THE PROCESS* --

-- **BLAM-BLAM** -- Cordell shooting Fowler immediately --

-- as Earl turns to him, unable to process the fact that
 Cordell just now officially got them involved in this shit.

And amidst all of this -- Big Graham is now looking down
 the barrel of Doris' gun. And there are no words, really.

Because Big Graham has lost. That anger over the bullet in
 his gut shifting into a strange acceptance.

Because, now -- *he's actually okay with this.* So -- **BLAM.**

Doris has shot him in the face.

Everyone calms down a beat here. Quiet. Still. Until, Doris,
 without taking her eyes off Big Graham's dead beast body --

DORIS (CONT'D)
 Jimmy.

Jimmy the lawyer. About to shake to death in his chair.

DORIS (CONT'D)
 You're going to go home. You're
 going to sell Tommy's restaurant.
 And you're going to transfer all
 of his funds into my accounts.
 (MORE)

DORIS (CONT'D)

(beat)

And you're going to keep quiet.

ANGLE ON Jimmy -- *because he sure as shit will do all of that.*

DORIS (CONT'D)

That's what Tommy would have wanted.

(beat)

So, go on then. *Scram.*

And Jimmy scrambles to his feet, gets the fuck out of there.

As Doris takes one last look at Big Graham, *before rising*, looking to Earl and Cordell, takes the opportunity:

DORIS (CONT'D)

Could I interest you two in a donut?

No one here able to process Doris' question -- so, we ourselves will take the opportunity to go ahead and:

end 102.